

A N

O D E,

To be performed at the

CASTLE of D U B L I N,

On the 1st. of *March*, being the

B I R T H - D A Y

Of Her most Excellent and Sacred M A J E S T Y

Queen C A R O L I N E.

By the special Command of His G R A C E the Duke
of D O R S E T, Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*.

By W I L L I A M D U N K I N, M. A.

*Set to Musick by Mr. Matthew Dubourg, chief Composer and Master of
the Musick, attending His Majesty's State in Ireland.*

D U B L I N:

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE EWING, at the
Angel and Bible in Dame's-street, MDCCXXXIV.

7-1916

A N
O D E,

To be performed at the Castle of *Dublin*, *March*
the 1st. 1733-4.

Recit. **I**F conscious of thy ancient Fire,
If studious to advance thy Fame,
Awake, awake, *Hibernian* Lyre,
To Sing some high Heroic Name,
And usher in the vernal Year
In Numbers worthy of great *Dorset's* Ear :
Left Virtue into dull Oblivion sink,
'Tis thine to set her Graces forth,
To tell late Ages what the living think,
And be the Herald of superior Worth.

Aria. To *Dorset's* Will submit the Choice ;
Dorset, the Theme of ev'ry tuneful Voice,
Sweet Airs adapted to the Day demands :
The Muses, joyful to obey,
Prepare the tributary Lay,
And touch the vocal Strings with artful Hands.

The

The Notes awake, on Numbers Soft
 The list'ning Soul is rapt aloft ;
 No vulgar Theme inspires the Strain,
 Virtue and Harmony are Twins :
 Hence, hence ye Noisy and Prophane,
 The Song from Majesty begins.

Da Capo.

Recit. Devoted be the Day to Mirth,
 And ever sacred to the Nine,
 Which gave a race of Heroes Birth,
 In giving Birth to *Caroline* ;

Aria. Propitious to the Subject-Isles
 Let the Parent Morn arise,
 Distinguish'd by serener Skies,
 And gentle as her Infant Smiles ;
 When *Jove* descended in prolific Show'rs,
 To paint the pregnant Earth with purple Flow'rs. *Da Capo.*

cit. Unerring Faith, undaunted Truth,
 The early Blossoms of her Youth,
 To wond'ring *Europe* might presage
 The Golden Autumn of her Age ;
 Fresh Palms to her illustrious Name,
 In fairest Proofs of Virtue try'd ;
 To *Hanover* immortal Fame,
 And Terror to the *Roman* Pride.

Aria.

Aria. Cou'd the Wealth of Nations, laid
 At her Feet, invite the Maid ;
 Cou'd Dominion unconfin'd
 Overcome her ampler Mind ;
 By stronger Chains of sacred Duty
 Were her princely Breast unguarded,
 High Descent and blooming Beauty
 Well with Empire were rewarded.

Da Capo.

Monarchs sprung from Monarchs glorious,
 Fam'd for martial Arms victorious,
 To buy her Nuptials wou'd divide
 Their boundless Sway and Purple Pride ;
 While, with repeated Honours grac'd,
 Haughty Ambition sighs to see
 One Pitch of human Glory plac'd
 Above the reach of Majesty,
 That Fortune Mistress of the doubtful Field
 May conquer mighty States when Virtue will not yield.

The Maid, by Merit to be won,
 Disdains with Empire to be crown'd,
 Like that fair Flow'r so rarely found,
 Which only opens to the Sun
 Sublime upon Religion's Tow'r,
 She would not seek another Gem,
 And, looking down upon unweildy Pow'r,
 Counts Liberty a brighter Diadem.

Deep

Deep intent on vast Designs,
 Now her active Thoughts explore
 The Treasures of *Athenian* Mines,
 And now the *Latian* Ore,
 Collecting from the golden Pages
 All the Heroes of all Ages,
 And Heroines, whose deathless Deeds
 Fill the many Mouths of Fame:
 Her Breast, inspir'd with equal Flame,
 Pants, as she Pauses; kindles, as she reads;
 Till the princely Master-Piece
 Triumph o'er insulting *Greece*,
 Till nobler Virtue sink the Scale,
 And Pagan Spirit yield to Christian Zeal.

While upward to it's radiant Source
 Her Soul illumin'd wings its Course,
 High thro' Regions unexplor'd,
 As *Plato's* Dreams or *Newton's* Judgment soar'd.
 While all the Virtues of her Race
 Glowing vary in her Face,
 And her Scorn of proudest Things,
 Crowns and arbitrary Kings,
 Immortal Trophies to Religion brings,
 Triumphant in the midst of Peace.

}
 }
 }

To

To fate her pious Thirst,
 And crown her blooming Years,
 Behold a Tide of Glory burst!
 What Shouts of publick Joy salute her Ears!
 See! see! the Reward of her Virtue appears.
 From *Audenard's* Plain
 Heap'd with Mountains of Slain,
 The Dread of *Gallic* Insolence,
 Grac'd with Spoils,
 Reap'd by Toils
 In Godlike Liberty's Defence,
 The *Hanoverian* Victor comes,
 Black with Dust, and rough in Arms,
 From the Noise of Fifes and Drums
 He comes, he comes, he comes
 To gentler Love's Alarms.
 Like *Mars* with barb'rous Trophies glad,
 Appeas'd, yet dreadful to be seen,
 In Adamantine Armour clad,
 From *Hebrus'* frozen Banks to meet the *Paphian* Queen.

Recit. Happy *Britons*, this is She,
 This is she maturely sent
 By Providential Heav'n's Decree;
 To prop the Ruins of your Government.
 From her in Concert with our matchless King
 Our Hopes and Joys incessant spring,

Hopes,

Hopes, too mighty to be told;
 Joys, which always must increase;
 While in her Offspring we behold
 The rising Pledges of perpetual Peace.

Aria. So by some Stream, whose Chrystal Tide
 Reflects the Flow'rs on either Side,
 (Where *Pan* resorts,
Pales Sports,
 And the Graces softly tread,
 The poplar Fair uplifts it's stately Head:
 While in the verdant Boughs above
 The Birds renew their tuneful Love;
 From the genial Parent Root
 Graceful Plants united shoot,
 The growing Promise of a future Grove.

Chorus. Devoted be the Day to Mirth,
 And ever sacred to the Nine,
 Which gave a Race of Heroes Birth,
 In giving Birth to *Caroline*.

Da Capo.

F I N I S.



No. 2